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**SOMEWHERE
IN FRANCE
AND OTHER POEMS**

—COWAN



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SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

SOMEWHERE
IN FRANCE
AND
OTHER POEMS

By
ELLA F. COWAN
EMMA COWAN BARBER

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DEDICATION.

To the kind friends whose sympathetic interest has led to its publication, this little volume is affectionately dedicated by the authors.

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SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

EMMA COWAN BARBER

“SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.”

“Somewhere in France,” is all that she may know
Of where her husband waits to meet the foe;
Far from his home, when life is past its noon,
He leads his troops beneath an alien moon.
But this she knows, through days of anxious care,
Wherever he may be, her flag is there.
Through days of hope, and days of dreadful chance,
Her loyal heart is there, “somewhere in France.”

“Somewhere in France” her lover waits the call
To hurl himself amidst the battle’s pall;
Gone from her side, when all their rosy dreams
Had led through peaceful fields, by laughing
streams.

She would not call him back, for this she knows—
Wherever he may go Old Glory goes.
Though thus may end, for her, life’s dear romance.
Her loyal heart is there, “somewhere in France.”

Fourteen

"Somewhere in France," her baby lips repeat.
She lifts inquiring eyes, so gravely sweet.
Wondering why her father marched away,
Why mother's face grows paler, day by day.
She may not know that, where the soldier walks,
By night and day a frightful spectre stalks;
That now their pictured faces lie, perchance,
Against a silent heart, "somewhere in France."

"Somewhere in France" her brother, on the field,
Presents his splendid body as her shield—
Willing to die, or live a hopeless wreck,
If so he helps to hold the foe in check.
Through busy hours, she feels the seasons drag;
Her thoughts are with her brother and the flag.
With heart aflame, defiance in her glance,
She longs to serve with him, "somewhere in
France."

"Somewhere in France" her son is at his post,
Impatient to confront the hostile host;
Torn from her arms where yesterday, it seems,
He lay, an infant, smiling in his dreams.
And now, from smoke wreaths, dark against the
skies,
His dear face seems to look, with smiling eyes.
If he should die, this boon a harsh fate grants—
He'll die with honor bright, "somewhere in
France."

“Somewhere in France”—a million hearts are
there,

A million souls are rapt in silent prayer—
Prayer for the loved, wherever they may be,
And prayer for those enslaved they fight to free.
Unknown to us the field where duties call,
But One there is who watches over all,
Who guides our flag, that Truth may still advance,
Our God is with them all, “somewhere in France.”

THE CONQUESTS OF PEACE.

Advancement means conquest, means duties,
So God took the earth when 'twas new,
Its mysteries, riches and beauties,
And gave it to man to subdue.
That man might advance by opposing
The adverse in sea, air, and sod;
Might find, through kind Nature's disclosing,
The pathway that leads back to God.

But men blindly war with each other,
Earth's treasures at hand, unattained,
Each striving to take from his brother
The little his labor has gained.
Still deaf to the call of the ages,
He prates of his "problems," forsooth;
Persistently reaping sin's wages,
Still blind to the sunlight of truth.

The Golden Rule, taught by the Savior,
Sufficient for every race,
By each made his rule of behavior,
Would solve all the problems we face.
O, simple, divine institution,
Immortal, benign, without flaw,
How long must we need evolution
Before men accept it as law?

Great nations have risen and perished;
Great nations will rise and will fall,
As long as man's selfishness, cherished,
Denies that God's gifts are for all.
O lay down your arms for a season,
My brothers! let enmity cease;
Be guided a moment by reason;
Consider the conquests of peace.

God calls from the heart of the mountain,
Where treasures lie waiting our hand;
He calls from the life-giving fountain,
That leaps down the canon so grand;
He calls from the soil, with resources
Scarce touched in the ages gone by;
He calls in a thousand great forces
Unseen, in the earth, sea and sky.

If nation uniting with nation,
Would answer that soul-stirring call,
What wonders our own generation
Might see in God's gift to us all.
We know, from the ages behind us,
What hate and contention have cost;
But union and love can restore us
The glories of Paradise lost.

'TIS NOT A DREAM.

My love was here beneath the April skies,
When all the earth was clothed in tender green;
My love with burnished hair, and mystic eyes—
The light and center of that springtime scene,
But now, so far away those sweet hours seem.
'Tis like a dream—'tis like a dream.

I walk alone beneath September skies,
My love seems but a vision passing sweet,
Until a laughing babe, with her dear eyes,
Comes forth to meet me, on uncertain feet.
Though sweet beyond belief the past may seem,
'Twas not a dream—'twas not a dream.

My spirit seeks for solace in belief,
That somewhere you await our coming, dear.
O whisper but a word for my relief;
From out the mist I strive to pierce, draw near.
O tell me, love, though weak my faith may seem,
'Tis not a dream—'tis not a dream.

THE MOON, THE BREEZE, AND I.

Above the mountain top through crystal space
The moon looks down upon her fair, sweet face,
And into dreamy eyes so deep, so true—
O moon, I envy you, I envy you.

The gentle breeze that wanders everywhere
Can touch her cheek, and stir her silken hair:
Can whisper low of love, of love so true—
O breeze, I envy you, I envy you.

When winter's long and lonely days are o'er,
With springtime flowers she'll come to me once
 more;
Then, sailing on that distant azure sea,
O moon, you'll envy me, you'll envy me.

HE ROSE TODAY.

(An Easter Poem.)

He rose today;
The bud of promise trembled into bloom,
The song of ages swelled with fuller tone—
With glad revealing light, within the tomb,
The new dawn crept, unhindered by a stone;
He rose today.

He rose today;
The weary burdened souls that watching wake
To see the rose light mingle with the gray,
Shall live anew when on the world shall break
The full refulgence of the perfect day.
He rose today.

He rose today;
New forms of beauty spring to meet the light,
The desert earth with radiant bloom is sweet—
Old things have passed away; the dark is bright
And death lies conquered at the Savior's feet.
He rose today.

We rise today;
Above the cares that weigh the spirit down;
Above the losses that we mourned with tears;
In love and light, with grateful hearts, we drown
The wrongs, the sorrows and the pain of years.
We rise today.

We rise today;
Not e'en the weight of sin can crush the soul,
One touch divine—our burdens fall away;
Beneath our feet the sombre shadows roll;
With Him we rise to meet the heavenly day.
We rise today.

RED CLOVER.

I am haunted by red clover.
Though the years cannot restore me
To the scenes I wandered over,
Sunny ways and woodland gloom,
Still I see that field before me,
With its wealth of fragrant bloom.

I can see that field of clover
In the freshness of the morning,
With the cold white dew all over
Shining like a diamond spray,
When the first pink rays give warning
Of the long, bright summer day.

I can see that field of clover
When the sun on high is beaming,
With the laden bees all over,
Humming low a drowsy tune
'Mid the fragrant blossoms dreaming
In the solemn hush of noon.

I can see that field of clover
In the twilight softly falling,
With the fireflies gleaming over—
Lanterns for the fairies' feet—
When the whip-poor-wills are calling
Through the darkness cool and sweet.

Since the haunting scent of clover
Sweetens all life's dreary byways,
May I find, when I pass over
To the land beyond the tomb,
Not the fabled golden highways,
But a clover field in bloom.

A CONTRAST.

Against the sky a fringe of leafless trees,
A falling mist, and grasses brown and sere—
I turn away from contemplating these
And smile, for lo! a miracle is here.
A white thought budded in a heart of gold
And grew so quickly that, though far away,
Chrysanthemums are blooming, fold on fold,
All white and golden, in my room today;
Each feather globe a thing of light and cheer,
That seems to know my care, and smile at me.
And so I turn from landscape dim and drear,
To blooming flowers within, and thoughts of thee.

THE MEADOW LARK.

Meadow lark, your liquid trilling
Sets my languid pulses thrilling,
For the long years seem to vanish when you sing—
Once again a child I'm playing,
In the fields and wood I'm straying,
Where I learned the joyful secrets of the spring.

When your first song greets my hearing,
Well I know the time is nearing
When the wild plum fills the dell with fragrance
 rare,
When the redbud lights its tapers,
And the winter's chilling vapors
Are dispersed in springtime's soft and balmy air.

Near a long, loved, humble dwelling
Dainty maple buds are swelling,
And the iris blooms beside the garden wall;
Robins twitter, all contented,
In the orchard, blossom-scented,
And the turtle-dove repeats his plaintive call.

Meadow lark, you sing of faces
Gone from those familiar places,
Some remaining but a sweet and tender dream;
But a nest is in the grasses,
Where no careless footstep passes,
And the violets are blooming by the stream.

THE CHARGE OF THE WINTER WIND.

Along the west, as twilight shadows fall,
The hostile campfire of the Storm King glows,
While round the crescent moon on star-gemmed
 wall,
A warning circle in the azure shows.

The settler sees and heeds the friendly sign;
The stock is in, the barns are closed and warm.
His rosy children gleefully combine
In preparation for the coming storm.

With night the wild winds march from out the
 west,
And hurl themselves against the cottage door;
They snatch the last leaves from the maple's crest,
And charge the smoking chimney with a roar.

Inside, a happy group, with minds serene,
Is gathered in the lamplight's cheerful glow.
Stout walls and locks securely intervene
Between the hearthstone and a cruel foe.

With phantom banners to the night unfurled,
The hosts assemble to a wild refrain;
With savage force, from raging heavens hurled,
Their icy lances smite the window pane.

The charge is met with sound of popping corn—
A fusillade—and laughter silver-sweet;
With leaping fire, with shouts of childish scorn,
And eerie bugles sound a swift retreat.

From out the North the reinforcements come,
From Arctic strongholds, for the final test;
And still they march, to roll of ghostly drum,
When brave defenders all have sought their rest.

When day was near, before the flush of dawn,
A brooding silence on the tumult fell.
The cottage fort had stood, the foe was gone,
And poplar sentries whisper, "All is well."

Sweet voices hail the coming of the light.
Bright eyes look out where warring hosts have
 been;
In contrast to the harshness of the night,
Sweet sounds without reply to those within.

The sparrows chirp their gratitude for crumbs,
A kindly gift each winter morning brings,
And through the junipers there shyly comes
A cardinal, with flash of scarlet wings.

Alight with joy, the eager eyes behold
A downy mantle on the stately spruce;
On roof and hedge, in spotless fold on fold,
And earth itself is draped—the flag of truce.

THE ANSWER.

The morning sunlight touched the hills,
The winds were softly blowing
Across the fields the sound of bells
From herds to pasture going.
And down the lane beside the hedge,
Where dewy boughs were dripping,
With song as merry as the birds,
A little maid came tripping.

Her eyes were like the summer sky
When clouds have drifted over,
And left new fragrance on the rose,
The rain upon the clover.
She offered me a flower to which
The dewdrops still were clinging,
Tossed back her sunny curls, and smiled,
Then went her way, still singing.

A prayer arose within my heart:
"God keep the little maiden
As pure and stainless always as
The flowers with which she's laden.
O keep her little feet from thorns,
Her gentle heart from sadness;
May care and trouble never come
To rob her song of gladness."

The sunlight lay upon the hills,
But none beheld its shining;
The little maid came down the lane
In solemn state reclining.
Among the flowers she loved so well,
In peace she's sweetly sleeping.
And I, because my prayer was heard,
Now stand here idly weeping.

POOR BIM.

He is waiting by the window for his master, young
Jim,

A fine and faithful bulldog, and affectionate,
named Bim.

He is weary, sad, and lonely,
And he asks for one thing only;
For a step that he can tell,
And a voice he loves so well;
For his kind companion, Jim—dear Jim.
Poor Bim!

You have waited by the window since the morning,
poor Bim;

But you must not linger longer in the twilight for
him.

Though I know you loved him dearly,
And he loved you, too, sincerely,
You may wait and watch and wake
Till your faithful heart shall break,
But he'll never come again, will Jim.
Poor Bim!

WHEN MOTHER FAILED TO ANSWER.

"O Mother!" called a little child, when wearied
with her play.

"Yes, dear," the answer came at once, for that was
Mother's way.

Then, bound for dreamland in a craft by Mother's
fancy wrought,

She drifts away with silken sails in fairy breezes
caught.

"O Mother!" called a girlish voice, when all went
wrong at school.

"Yes, dear," the answer came at once, for that was
Mother's rule.

Then Mother's counsel seemed to shrink those
troubles, great and small,

And daughter hastened back to school with strength
to meet them all.

"O Mother!" sobbed a maiden when her first love
proved untrue.

"Yes, dear; the thorns that pierce your heart must
wound your mother, too."

From daughter's heart she plucked the rue, the
tears upon her face,

And then, with love-taught art, she set the heart's-
ease in its place.

"O Mother!" from a woman's heart is wrung the
longing cry:

"I need you so—you'd understand"; but silence
makes reply.

In all the world one force, but one, could thwart
that loving will

To answer when her daughter called—the mother's
voice was still.

THE WEST.

With golden days and silver nights,
With rosy dawns and sunset lights,
With verdant vales and purple heights
 She charms the traveler to rest.

She carries magic in her streams.
She lifts our thoughts to highest themes.
She helps us realize our dreams;
 The great, resourceful, smiling West.

THE MODERN RUTH

ELLA F. COWAN



THE MODERN RUTH

THE MODERN RUTH.

She gleamed amid the harvest fields of old—

Ruth, the fair—

Mid harvest fields with golden grain aglow—

Listening there

While merry reapers sang their joyous lays

Of harvest days.

She gleams to-day on blood-drenched battle-fields—

Ruth, the brave—

Where hate has plowed the earth with shot and
shell.

The new-made grave

Has marred the peaceful fields of ripening grain

Love sowed in vain.

She snatches from the very jaws of death—

Ruth, the strong—

Sad wrecks of brave men maimed by savage fiends,

The foes of wrong,

That they with tender hearts that loved them best

Once more may rest.

She gleams the whispered words from whit'ning
lips—

Ruth, the kind—

Love's messages and prayers to The Most High,

From halt and blind,

Bearing to agonizing hearts surcease

And holy peace.

She binds alike the wounds of friend and foe—

Ruth, the meek—

Where e'er appealing hands of need are stretched,

Her care to seek,

And where the shafts of hatred thickest fly,

She dares to die.

WHEN THE SAMMIES MARCHED AWAY.

Firm the tread of marching feet
To the war drums' measured beat,
Oh! It was a wondrous day
When the Sammies marched away.
Waving flags and shouting throng
Cheered them as they moved along.
Oh! How proud we were that day
When the Sammies marched away.
Oh! It seemed an endless throng,
Marching forth against the wrong
Surely tyrants paled that day
When the Sammies marched away.
Every man a hero bold,
Faring forth like knight of old,
Bearing flags to be unfurled
O'er a federated world.
One there was above them all—
Fair and brave and strong and tall,
Oh! It was a tearful day
When the Sammies marched away.
When the laurel wreaths are won
And the reign of peace begun,
May we seek no face in vain
When the Sammies come again.

WHAT CHRIST MEANS TO ME!

"A shelter in the time of storm," Christ means
to me;

"The shadow of a great rock," in a weary land;
A friend so close that, tho on morning's wings
I flee,
I cannot miss the guidance of His hand.

A fount of joy that ever springs within my heart,
Expelling all the bitter waters of despair,
When from earth's dearest idol I am called apart,
And Martha-like I feel the press of care.

Christ means to me a promise in the rainbow's
gleam;

His benediction rests where sunset splendor
glows;
A song of praise is caroled by the mountain
stream;
His love exhales in fragrance from the rose.

Christ means to me a richer, more abundant life:

More true possession of my heritage—the earth—
A steadfast faith that from war's fierce and grue-
some strife,
An everlasting peace shall have its birth.

When earth's last dreamless sleep my weary eyes
shall close,

And from its bonds, my soul shall shake its
pinions free,
May He who from the shadow of the grave arose,
Give to my spirit, life's long victory.

THE SOUL OF THE HOUSE.

Holding love's scepter o'er a fitful realm,
Our patient mother sat, a queen enthroned,
Making more glad the summer's happy hours,
And soothing fear when winter storm winds
moaned.

To her we brought as tribute, May's first flowers,
And the first sprays of spring-time's tender
green,
We ran with eager haste to offer her
Ripe berries from a blossom starred ravine.

From pebbles gathered in our childish sport,
She read to us the tales engraved in stone.
With her we listened to the robin's note,
And questioned why the turtle dove made moan.

One day the tired hands were clasped in rest,
A look of childlike peace o'er spread the face;
A glory faded from the earth and sky,
The soul of love had vanished from the place.

Yet, faring thru a world of many needs,
Where e'er our Father wills that we should roam,
Oh, may we still find guidance and repose
In the sweet spirit of that childhood's home.

LITTLE MARY'S FATHER

One time a black dog came into our yard,
And it looked to me like a bear,
But when he looked up, how that doggy did run—
Just because my father was there.

When black Jerry Ornduff was out of work,
He had things to eat and to wear;
And Cousin Kate said she knew why it was—
Just because my father was there.

But it seems that lately nothing goes right,
Things will always seem wrong, I fear,
For now we are all so quiet and sad,
Because father cannot be here.

The Germans would take their submarines home;
To sail them they never would dare,
And Uncle Sam's ships would be safe on the sea,
If father could only be there.

If father would only step from a trench,
He'd sure give the kaiser a scare,
And make him run like that cowardly dog,
If father could only be there.

My father lives in a beautiful home,
We all are invited to share.
I'll not fear the journey into the dark,
Because my father's been there.

THY PRESENCE.

The morning chirp of birds is sad,
And lonely silence fills the room,
E'en the pale sunlight is not glad,
My heart forebodes its hopeless doom
From morn to night and from night 'till dawn
 When thou art gone!
 When thou art gone!

The lark springs high to meet the light,
The silence breaks in sounds of joy,
The sun dispels the gloom of night—
Its gold undimmed by grief's alloy;
And sovereign love has banished fear,
 Since thou art near!
 Since thou art near!

TO MRS. LORTON.

Sweet friend, through all the coming year,
May naught that brings thee harm,
Approach to blight one moment's cheer,
Or rob thee of one gracious charm.

But may thy life as ever send
Its radiance forth, to bless and cheer
Each heart that loves to call thee friend,
Tho sadly far or gladly near.

IF EVERY ONE WERE A GENIUS.

If all of us were painters, who'd loll upon the grass,
Responsive to the whispering leaves,
And watch the light clouds pass?

We then should all be thinking, "How can I
catch that hue?"

Shall I sketch it in with ultramarine

Since I can't use Prussian blue

Who'd gaze upon our canvas,

With reverence or with mirth,

And say, "Such a sky was never seen,

In heaven or on the earth."

If all were great composers who'd listen to the
choir,

That sings in the rhythm of the storm

As it smites sweet nature's lyre?

Then we should be pondering—"Will that song
suit my harp?"

"Can I best express the theme in flats,

Or by writing in one sharp?"

Who'd listen to our harmony

And with the critics vote

That the work is surely a masterpiece,

Or is not as the masters wrote.

If all of us were poets, should we have time to
speak

A word of love to a sobbing child,
And caress the tear-stained cheek?
Or should we then be thinking, "How can I say
this best?"

"Shall I tell the tale in iambics,
Or employ the anapest!"

If all were real poets

Thru-out earth's varied climes,
Then where should I find an audience
To listen to my rhymes?

MEMORIES.

Earth's path was thorny for the feet
 Of gentle May,
And when June roses blossomed sweet
 She went away.

Yet comes the thought when all the glow
 Of life turns gray,
"The dear Lord loved her, too, and so
 She went away."

And when with summer's waking life
 My senses thrill,
Her whispered word stills all my strife,
 "I love you still."

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Here's a health to you,
And wealth to you,
And merry Christmas cheer,
Here's gladness to you
And no sadness to you
Thru all the bright New Year.

FROM THE GARDEN OF ALLAH.

She came from the "Garden of Allah,"
To this toil-worn western land,
And, lo! like glad-hearted children
We laughed and played in the sand.

She came from the "Garden of Allah,"
Bringing dawn-kissed roses bright
And hearts a-gloom in the shadows
Were lured to the waking light.

She came from the "Garden of Allah,"
With healing for body and brain,
And the weak and sick and desponding
Grew strong and hopeful again.

She came from the "Garden of Allah,"
And builded an altar where
The weary and heavy laden
Are offering incense of prayer.

THE WEATHER.

When shivering spring awakes the grass
And trembles through the wood,
An answering thrill within my heart
Proclaims, "The weather's good."

When languorous June her censer swings,
And wafts incense divine,
My being glows with fuller life
And breathes, "The weather's fine."

When autumn sends her pall of mist
My spirit to refine,
I gaze upon its sunlit edge,
And vow, "The weather's fine."

When winter shrouds the earth with snow,
And savage storms apall,
My soul breathes in new strength and cries,
"This weather's best of all."

'Tis Wisdom guides blind Nature's moods,
Not always understood,
And sends no weather that is bad—
Just different kinds of good.

NOVEMBER

(Country)

No daisies in the meadow grass,
No violets by the brook,
No wrens nor blue birds chirping, pass
My leafy greenwood nook;
No golden glow of sunset skies,
But only hearth-stone ember,
No summer zephyr's perfumed sighs,
November.

No hammock swinging in the grove,
No long piazza talks,
No spells by mists and moonbeams wove,
No quiet evening walks,
No partings at the rustic gate
Such as you all remember,
When some one says, "the hour grows late."
November.

(City)

No spins along the boulevards,
No boating on the "Blue."
No sheltered nooks in grassy yards,
Where sweet breathed roses grew.
No tennis, golf, nor tally-ho
As "in the mild September,"
No strolls where autumn blossoms grow.
November.

No exodus toward the West
To find a cooler zone,
No journeys to the lakes, in quest
Of freckles and ozone.
But though these past delights were sweet,
I'd have you all remember
The month of football now to greet—
November.

MERE MAN.

An answer to Rudyard Kipling's
"THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES"
"*What a piece of work is man!*"
* * * * *

"*A worm! A God!*"

—*Shakespeare.*

MERE MAN.

Though we may not pierce the jungle where the
dreadful cobras glide;
Though we may not rove the forest where the
treacherous red men hide;
We may learn some useful lessons though debarred
from all of that
If we will but draw instruction from the common
household cat.
See the "deadly" mother's patience, as she watches
o'er her brood,
Giving warning and instruction, while providing
daily food.
With what courage she gives battle for her help-
less offspring's weal
When the father of the family of his child would
make a meal.
If you'd study human nature without very arduous
work;
Natural history may be learned of Stalky, Beetle
and McTurk.
Then pray note how, later, Stalky shows of grati-
tude no trace
When he makes some sulphurous charges, impli-
cating half the race.

Hear a tale from far off Eden, handed down from
age to age.

There the powers of darkness gather and their
fearful warfare wage.

See the frightened Adam cower, crouching down-
ward to the sod,

Charging half his sin to woman and the other half
to God.

Or see one of Rome's proud tyrants, swaying men
with nod and beck,

Wishing that his hated subjects had but one ex-
tended neck,

That the royal headsman might be able with one
deadly stroke

To decapitate the nation as a huge historic joke.

Then come take a little journey, annihilating time
and space,

And, presto, another country, governed by this
gentle race.

Now salute the gentle sovereign, to six "deadly"
spouses wed

Only one of them survived him, in the book it has
been said.

But the "Law of Abstract Justice," working in
with Darwin's plan,

Through the flight of many ages, may have changed
the modern man.

Now review industry's army as they mark with
blood the trail,

While their spurred and mounted brothers drive
them on with goad and flail.

“Hear the crying of the children,” born to toil,
disease and death,
Breathing deadly moral miasm from the hour of
their first breath.
See the white slave, ghastly visaged, vainly lifting
erring hands,
To the adorers of a “Justice” which no woman
understands.

Wakened by these wrongs and sorrows, see the
mad defenders come,
Meeting scorn and sore oppression with the fire
brand and the bomb.
Fierce the answering fires of hatred sweep the
nations like a flood,
While the call for “Justice” urges still the sacrifice
of blood.

Then the braves in council gather (not a squaw
allowed in sight)
And, to soothe a trouble conscience, say “Whatever
is is right.”
“If squaws mount the car of progress then its
wheels must backwards roll.”
So reads a majority report of the Committee of
the Whole.

But look skyward, O ye faithless, where the rain-
bow’s colors glow,
A reminder of the promise made in Eden, long ago,
Promise made unto the woman, promise made by
God who said,
That the offspring of the woman yet should bruise
the serpent’s head.

And in Christ, our Elder Brother, half the promise
was fulfilled
When the Law of Concrete Justice, Mary's fierce
accusers stilled.
And when Mary, Martha's sister, sought and found
"the better part,"
She was welcomed to His council, speaking with
Him, heart to heart.

He the Perfect Savior loved her, loved as but the
Perfect can,
Not because of service rendered as wife or mother
to the man.
For He cherished as His mother all who did The
Father's will.
Now exalted, crowned with glory, He, The Christ,
is reigning still.

And when heart of man is chastened, till as pure
as knight's of old,
When to look upon the face of a just God he shall
make bold,
He will find the God of Justice, Abstract or Con-
crete in name,
(Spite of all man's vain distinctions) when un-
vailed to be the same.

Then, when man's no longer boastful of his kinship
with the brute,
When the strivings of the Spirit shall have borne
their perfect fruit,
Then in answer to Eve's pleadings, Eden's gates
will open wide,
And as once the pair departed, they'll reenter,
side by side.

Fifty-two

P. S.:—

WRITTEN IN 1917.

*If in any mind still lingers doubt as to the proper
head,
In the DEADLINESS contention by the famous poet
led,
He will reach a quick decision to award the prize
to MAN,
When he thinks of gentle William of the Hohen-
zollern clan.*

—E. F. C.

THE HUMAN.

And didst thou conquer man, O Ocean!
When the great ship went down?
Nay, he revealed no slave's emotion,
But smiled to meet thy frown.
And like a god on her deck he stood,
When love and duty spoke,
He answered the call of Supreme Good
Self-conquered 'neath death's stroke

And frail woman, greater than thy power,
Rose above woman's fears,
All undismayed in the mortal hour,
With eyes undimmed by tears,
And a woman's love more strong than death,
Or grave where billows roll,
She proved to the world with her latest breath,
She was "captain of her soul."

And can man who dies for love of friend,
The greater tribute pay
Of a life lived nobly to the end,
Through fortunes grave or gay?
The father who strives with niggard fate,
Bequeathing not renown,
But a blameless life to child and mate,
Has earned a hero's crown.

Fifty-four

The mother, wearing with patient grace,
Ofttimes a crown of thorns,
Not like the Spartan with stony face,
Who life's best riches scorns,
But with heart attuned to life and love,
And childhood's guileless mirth
She allures God's favor from above,
To bless the waiting earth.

The loving hearted who, childless give
Almost a parent's care
To unsheltered childhood, and e'er lives
The untried heart to spare
The bitterness of an unloved youth,
Striving to meet the need
Of those who hunger and thirst for truth;
These shall on manna feed.

The tireless searchers for hidden things
Found close to nature's heart,
The intrepid leader who oft brings
Order to crowded mart,
The sun-crowned guides, amid shadows dim,
Oft stumbling day by day—
These be the human, like unto Him—
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

WHERE EAST MEETS WEST.

With her South-Lands kissed by the tropic sun,
And her North-Lands white 'neath the polar star,
America welcomes the East and West;
Her children are gathered from near and far.

The Latin has come with his gift of law,
The Greek with his love of beauty and grace,
And Africa's light-hearted sons of toil,
Have found in the West-Land a resting place.

The red man e'er loves the home of the brave;
Mongolia still for her place awaits,
While with gifts of treasure and beauty filled,
Bronze hands are a-knock at the sunset gates.

They who for Zion have bitterly wept,
Sad wand'ers from many a hostile strand.
With heads bared in reverence to the flag,
'Neath its folds have entered "The Promised
Land."

The Saxon, in search of space for his powers,
Flung out the banner of red, white and blue;
The Hindu dreamer is telling his dreams
In a land where wonderful dreams come true.

The valley is calling to mountain top;
The stars are shrined in the heart of the sea;
The bands of Orion shall not bind the truth,
And love of the truth shall make the world free.



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